The Bystander, March 2, 1921. No. 900. Vol LXIX

The BYSTANDER

BY ALFRED LEETE

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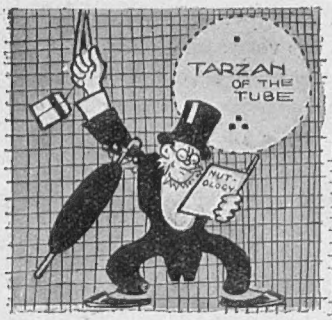
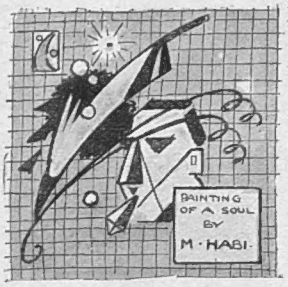


Man *was* an ape, we learn once more.

P.wder is cheaper, my dear.



Have y u had your soul painted yet, my dear heart?

By Victor Hicks

Not on four hundred a year!

Dean Inge Again

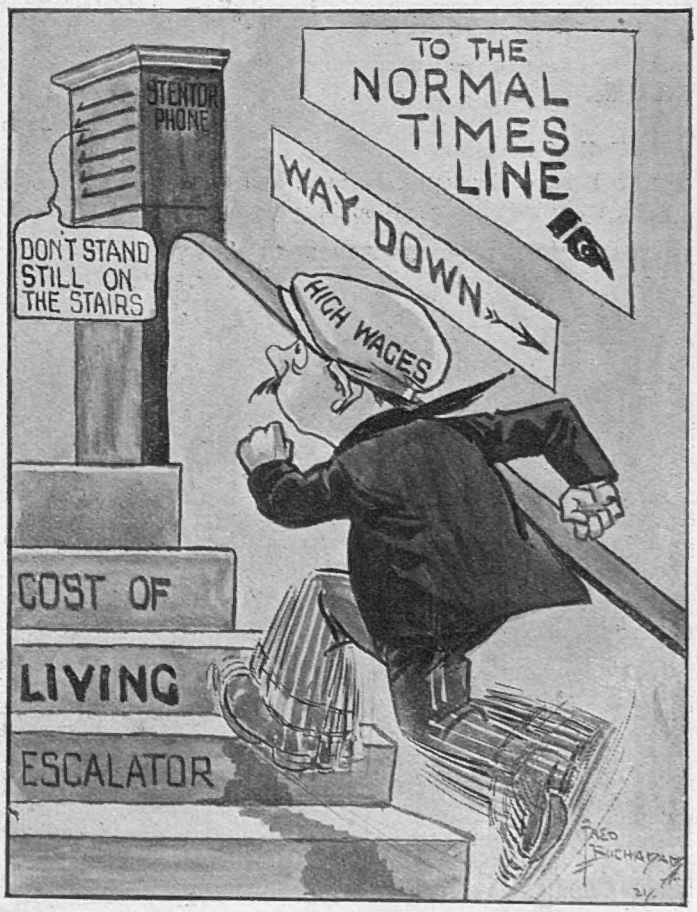
Dean Inge is getting more cheerful every week. He has just been telling the Cambridge Union that democracy as a form of government has no future. Government will not grow more democratic, but develop through sectional anarchy to bankruptcy. Bankruptcy will pave the way for some strong form of government, generally military. In this country it looks rather as though bankruptcy were going to come before sectional anarchy, otherwise the Dean can make out a pretty strong case for his prophecy. But what will come after the strong military government? Germany has not gone far enough to show us as yet. Perhaps, after all, we shall worry through and go on being democratic for a little longer yet. The Cambridge Union seems to think so, for it defeated the Dean's motion by a majority of 170.

"Democratic Decay"

Dr. William Bateson seems to think that democracy will go on getting more democratic, but he is even more gloomy about the future than Dean Inge. In his Galton Anniversary Lecture, Dr. Bateson declared that we are nearing "the final stage of democratic decay." According to him it is all the fault of the brainy people of the Victorian epoch. Their intellectual distinction was so highly esteemed "even by people who had very little capacity for understanding it," that they were lulled into a false sense of security. This caused them to grant concessions which can now never be recalled. "Equality of political power was bestowed on the lowest elements of our population." The final stage of "democratic decay" will have arrived when the lowest not only have the power, but exercise it. Dr. Bateson sees no hope. The force of the intellectual and professional classes, he says, was prodigious. The rest of the race could offer no resistance to it if they exerted it in a co-ordinated manner. But they have found out the truth too late. Our future, therefore, is to be one of "democratic decay." I am a bit of a Tory myself, but I have higher hopes of British democracy than either Dean Inge or Dr. Bateson.

The Aristocratic English

Mr. Hilaire Belloc practically denies the existence of democracy in this country. He can see no signs of it. "I have never seen a room full of English people behaving in a democratic manner," says Mr. Belloc, and adds fervently, "I pray God I never shall." He looks forward to an absolute monarchy, and would evidently welcome it. He finds it impossible to respect the House of Commons, and, of course, men must respect what governs them. The House of Commons keeps very quiet these days. We seldom hear much from them or of them. But this modesty, this shrinking from the public gaze, will avail them nothing. Mr. Belloc has been to see them, and he finds their "faces, their accents, their arguments, and the English they write" utterly incompatible with the honour and dignity of the



By Fred Buchanan

"IT'S TAKING ME ALL MY TIME TO KEEP *UP!*"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

State. Monarchy, invested with great new powers, or national decline, are our only alternatives. Really, these great minds make things very puzzling for the simple thinker. "Change and decay in all around" they see, and seem quite to enjoy it.

Ugly Londoners

HAVE you ever noticed that there are some days on which London seems to be one vast beauty show, whilst on others one cannot help wondering where so many ugly people come from? The other day I walked with an artist friend from his studio to the nearest tube. We had a twenty minutes' journey with a change half way, and a few minutes' walk to our destination at the end. I cannot guess how many hundreds of people we saw, but as we had to stand in the gangway all the time it must have been a great many. Streets, stations, trains, and lifts were crowded with people going home. About half way on our journey I asked my friend if he had ever seen so many plain and ugly people in so short a time. When our journey was over we could conscientiously say that we had not seen a man or woman that was not either the one or the other.

By W. F. Blood

"UPS AND DOWNS"

Hun: "So, vriend Ramsay, you vos vot you calls 'going up' for Voolwich—eh?"

"Herr" Ramsay: "Yes, friend Bombstein, that is so"

Hun: "Vell, I trost you vill haf better success dan ve haf during der Var—ven ve tried so 'ard to make Voolwich *idself* GO UP!"

Lifts Full of Loveliness

YET I have always maintained, and still do so, that you see more good-looking people, especially women, in London than in any other city I have ever been in. Some days, on the very same journey I have just spoken of, the lifts are full of loveliness, every car and every platform could provide the *Daily Graphic* with a page full of League of Notions beauties. I refuse to believe that all this beauty or ugliness is merely in the observer's eye, that one day people can look pleasing to you who on another will be the reverse. My friend suggested that there must be some mysterious impulse that keeps good-looking people at home at certain times and impels them to sally forth at others. If one could only find out when these times are due, I should certainly try to arrange my goings and comings accordingly.

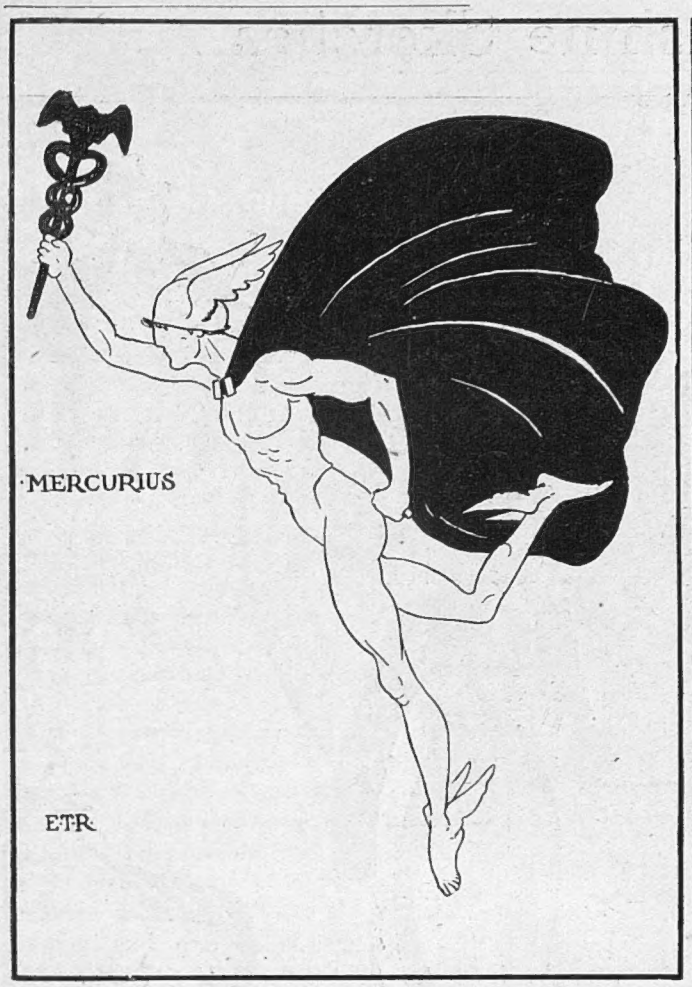
Fat Fares for Fat People

THE new system in America of charging passengers on the "air-liners" according to their weight seems a very reasonable thing. I should like to see some extension of it over here. I don't travel by air, and I do not suppose a passenger's weight makes much difference to a motor-bus or a railway train. But his measurement laterally very greatly concerns his fellow-passengers. Why should I pay the same fare for the few inches some huge fellow leaves me on the top of a 'bus as he pays for all the rest of the seat supposed to accommodate two in equal comfort? I know he cannot help it, but the fact remains that we both pay, say, fourpence, but he occupies about seven pennyworth of the seat. He ought to pay for it.

THE BURNT OFFERING By W. E. Wigfull

The New Territorials

THE new Secretary for War, Sir L. Worthington Evans, has taken up his task of putting a little additional "ginger" into the Territorial recruiting campaign at a singularly propitious moment, what with last week's "early Spring" sunshine — becoming quite a "habit" of February's by the way!— which turns everyone's thoughts to out-door pursuits. Even so he has a hardish task before him to turn a force of 95,000 men into one of 200,000 or thereabouts. I fancy



THE "MERCURY" OF THE TUBES
See (Neo-Greek) posters outside the stations

WHAT HE WOULD LOOK LIKE
After a bit of *straphanging* in the "rush hours"

one of the basic difficulties so far encountered in Territorial recruiting is due to the fact that a very large number of men who in peace-time would have served in the ranks, won Commissions during the last two years of the War. If they are fit enough to join, these fellows—some of them—do not fancy the ranks again, and their younger brothers and cousins don't see why "if Bert got a Commission during the War" they themselves should not manage it now. Obviously, the British Territorial Army is not going to imitate certain others and possess twenty officers to every ranker. One is in excellent company in the ranks of the Territorials these days, and the country's youth should follow the example of a famous Battalion's V.C. who recently insisted on rejoining after demobilisation in his old pre-War job—as Battalion Cook!

Herman a German Again

With the arrival of the German delegates to the Conference in St. James's Palace, the sound of the German voice which has been still in Town since August, 1914, will become audible once again. Herman will not be so shy of being thought a German as he has been for nearly seven long years. You must have noticed that very few Germans have ventured to talk German openly in public. At one business restaurant where I sometimes lunch I have heard German merchants speaking to one another in unmistakably bad French. But Fritz isn't a shy person and, with a compact body of his fellow-countrymen at the restaurants, he will come out again in all his guttural glory.

Good for the Hotels

The Conference has been welcomed by hotel-keepers who have felt a big draught lately. Thus the grill-rooms of some of the big restaurants, notably the Savoy, become towers of Babel. At the Savoy, where the Germans are staying, the Turks are in full force. The rival sections sit at different tables, and apparently have little truck with one another. They are all swarthy looking fellows, some of them very Semitic looking. But there is nothing in their clothes to indicate the Orient. I have not seen one in a fez. That headgear seems to be reserved in London restaurants to the man who wheels round the coffee.

Their Evenings

The Germans will have to be very particular about their evening entertainments. Thus, *London, Paris and New York* at the Pavilion will not be in high favour with them, for they can hardly be expected to like Mr. Nelson Keys' amazingly clever caricature of a German just returned to Town. They can hardly, however, avoid seeing from their windows in the Savoy the marks of Mars on Cleopatra's Needle. I wonder if the authorities mean to keep these wounds intact?

Some Sunshine Sketches

BY HELEN McKIE

SIGNS OF SPRING IN THE ROW

(There will be more signs of Spring in our next issue, which is by way of being a Spring Number)

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Coming Season

THE opening of Parliament has brought a fair sprinkling of folk up from the country and back from Switzerland and the Riviera. There's a good deal toward in these days, and all these sweepings-up of the loose ends left over from the peace-making affect a variety of interests—and for that you may read pockets.

It is not all beer and skittles to be what is called "rich" just now. Domestic taxation is bad enough, but the position of foreign securities is a shade or two worse, and when you have big "holdings" in "industrials" on the Continent the decisions of Conferences, Peace delegates, and Prime Ministers can have a most diminishing effect upon capital. Between you and me and our grandmother's first cousin, the decision as to what Germany can or cannot be made to pay, and what is to happen in Greece and Turkey, will have a very considerable effect on the coming season. You see, we look now to our successful personages in the *haute finance* to entertain us, and all these endless *pourparlers* between the victorious and defeated are becoming more and more disastrous to the great international financiers, some of whom live in Belgravia and hold high offices of State.

Photograph] ROYAL VISIT TO BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR [*L.N.A.*

The King and Princess Mary leaving the British Industries Fair at the White City, which they visited together with the Queen last week

Photograph *G.P.U.*

THE WILLIAMS-GLYN WEDDING

Miss Juliet Glyn, the daughter of the well-known novelist, was married last Thursday to Sir Rhys Williams, the famous soldier and M.P. The bride and bridegroom leaving after the ceremony, which took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster

No Opera

TAKING one consideration with another, as Gilbert's policeman said, the signs are not favourable for a "brilliant" season. To begin with there will be no Opera—a deadly blow to hundreds of the Mrs. Little McBigs of this

"IN THE THICK OF IT"

Eton boys crossing the water-jump in the Junior steeplechase. Luckily the event took place on one of the recent, warm "spring" days

Photographs *Sport and General*

THE WINNER

G. A. Bower (left) who got home first in the Junior Steeplechase at Eton. The Hon. P. C. V. F. Grenfell came in a good second

world. A subscription for two nights a week at Covent Garden gave them their only opportunity of wearing a tiara. Unknown, they glittered. But they had the satisfaction of glittering—and the greater satisfaction of telling their friends about it.

"Tiara Nights" at Daly's

BUT, the Little McBigs apart, no opera at Covent Garden deprives Society of a meeting place, a pleasure, and the occasion for pomp and circumstance. But the ingenuity of womenkind is without limit, and I have no doubt some substitute will be found. Perhaps we shall have "tiara nights" at the Pavilion or Daly's.

Tact Royal

A YOUNG man dining with an august and royal personage found himself in a quandary. After dinner they played Auction, the young man and a lady being partners against the Personage and a dame of degree. At the end of the game the young man and his partner were the losers to the extent of £4 apiece. The losing lady paid the dame of degree, but as the young man put his hand in his pocket for his note case he was smitten with a sudden doubt. Was it etiquette to hand over cash of the realm to the Personage? Should he give the money to the equerry, or send a cheque to the Comptroller of the Household?

Change for a "Fiver"?

HESITATION was his bosom's dread. He was a man of infinite resource, but for once he was absolutely baffled. What was he to do?

His perplexity was obvious. There was an awkward pause. But tact royal came to his aid.

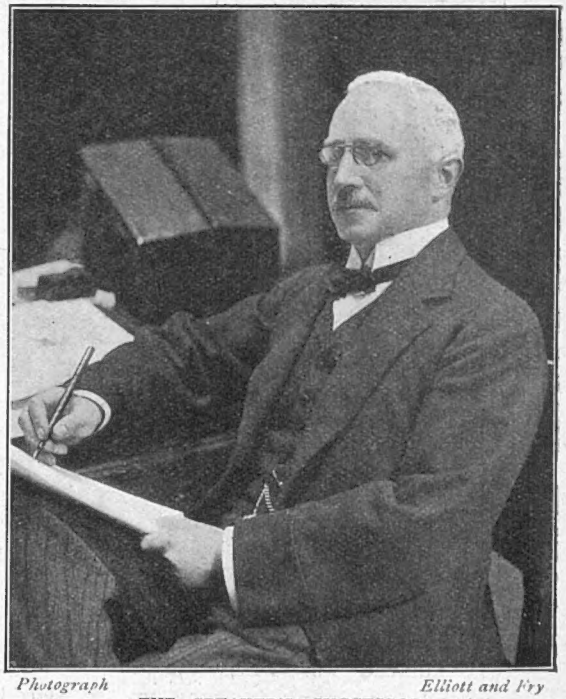
"Mr. ———," said the Personage, "are you waiting for me to give you change out of a £5 note?"

The young man placed a £5 note upon the table, the Personage gave him a £1 note, and so tact royal saved an awkward situation.

What a comfort it must be to be able to think so quickly. It is a mixture of kind heart and training.

House Hunting

MOST people who can still afford to keep a roof over their heads are searching for small houses. But the demand for such houses daily grows greater, and daily the supply grows smaller. A lady of my acquaintance who is



Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

THE SPEAKER'S SUCCESSOR

Mr. J. H. Whitley, who will succeed Mr. Lowther as Speaker in the House of Commons. Mr. Whitley has been Deputy Speaker since 1911

being brought nearer and nearer to desperation by the triple combination of a big house, shrinking means, and a reduced establishment, has given up the house agents and their lists, or they have given her up.

New Hats in Widows' Halls

INSTEAD, she reads the announcements of engagements in the *Times* and the *Morning Post*. Whenever she sees that a war widow is going to take the chances of matrimony for a second time, she looks the lady up in the Red or the Blue Book. If she has an address in London my acquaintance hurries there, her breakfast egg still warm upon her lips.

If the house is a small one she rings boldly and enquires—with equal boldness—if the widow-about to-be-married wishes to let her house when she has taken Mr. No. 2 for better or worse

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

HON. MRS. WALTER LONG

Whose engagement to Major Ralph Glyn, M.P., has just been announced. She is the widow of Brig.-General Walter Long, and the eldest daughter of Lord Derwent

Poor dear, her enterprise has not met with the success it deserves! "I've spent pounds, literally pounds, in 'bus and train fares, not to speak of taxis," she told me, "but the answer is always the same. No letting. It seems to me that all the war widows' new husbands are going to hang up their hats in the war widows' houses."

Photograph *Willie Burke*

A GOOD "BAG"

The Duke of Connaught's visit to India has not been entirely composed of political functions, as the above incident, taken during a tiger-shoot at Gondia, shows

A POLITICAL HOSTESS

Mme. Mastny the wife of the Czecho-Slovak Minister now resident in London

ON THE RIVIERA

TENNIS and polo have kept Cannes busy of late; but they are by no means all one has to do in that place where every aspect pleases and only pearls are vile. It is suddenly dawning on the bewildered that not every row of Orients is real there, and report goes that some of the most talked-of diamonds, displayed on unaristocratic fingers at the tables, are the result of some new process which mocks the meek and modest genuine—a fact which may account for several flat-iron sized brilliants which nightly attract crowds round the high-play tables. The soda-water bottle looks shy compared with some of these priceless (?) gems; but all things are accounted for at Cannes—except hotel bills and the colour of

Photograph *E. Navello*

COMTE DE MADRE

With Major Beatty, after the finish of an exciting polo match

hair. One of the most-talked-of necklets turns out, after weeks of charming deception, to be Ciro's direct. The story goes that it was enterprisingly pawned for its full value as real after too much fatal maximuming on the part of its fair owner. But the only thing that will befool a Riviera pawnbroker, who employs the greatest jewel experts, is a pearl.

ON THE RIVIERA (concluded)

THOSE gentlemen are very busy this season, and signs in electric flares flash on one's ken, "Achat de Bijoux. Open All Night," in most unexpected bye-ways, reminding one of that advertisement, in times of stress, "Divorces while you wait!"

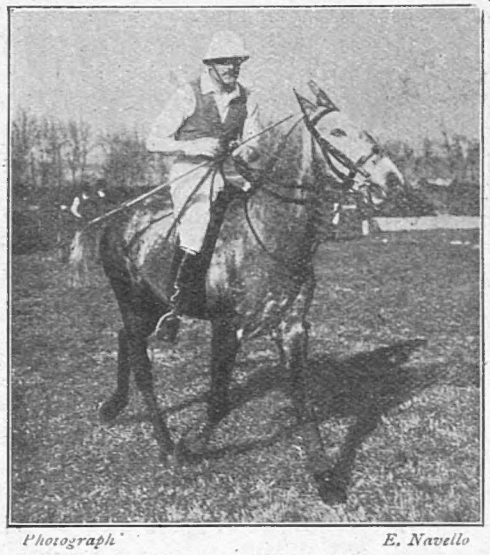
THE International Regatta at Cannes brought all the best people to the Country Club, which is the centre of polo as well as yachting there, but golfers were loyal to their sport, and wild horses, let alone boats and ponies, could not drag Lord Islington, Sir Alan Johnstone, Major Faudel Phillips, Captain Lewis, Mrs. Marshall, and Mr. Seton Henry from the green of Mandelieu.

EVENTS rush and gurgle like water out of a narrow-necked bottle. Mme. Hélène Victor (whose jewels are by no means one of the minor topics of Cannes) won first prize at the Battle of Flowers. Her motor-car was in the form of a beehive made of orchids—so superbly do they do things in profligate Cannes. What some of these efforts cost would feed Vienna for fifteen minutes at least. Yet it is well done, charmingly done, and really can offend no one who does not think; and the visitor on the Riviera thinks not, except, perhaps, Lenglen, whose skill is sheer brains. She's been busy again, and in what wonderful form, but she did a little "fluffing"—a miss or two—in her last games. The match between Gordon Lowe and Kingscote, in the finals at Nice, was magnificent. It ought to have been filmed. Neither omitted anything. Lowe won.

Photograph *E. Navello*

PRINCE LEON RADZIWILL

Has been playing a great deal of polo at Cannes



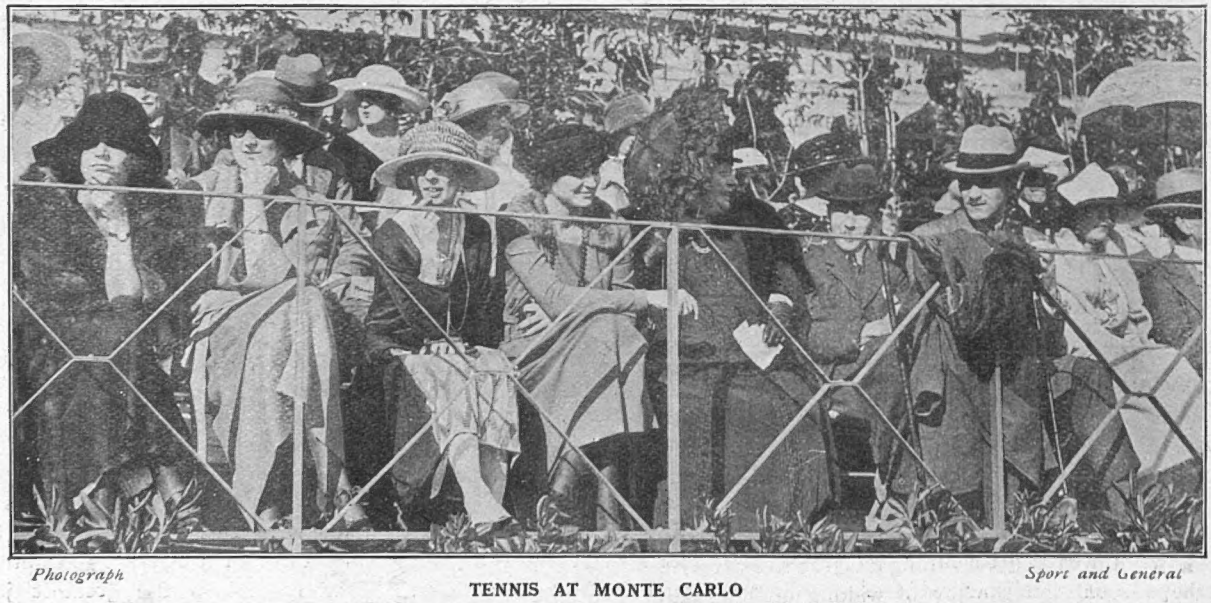
Photograph *E. Navello*

THE COMTE DE POLIGNAC

Another enthusiastic polo player

POLO is very *en evidence*. The second match was won by Colonel Gill, Captain Smart, Captain Melville, and Captain Philippi against Comte de Madre, Major Palmer, Ph. de Yturbe, and Comte J. de Polignac. The ladies turned out in great force: a woman likes a man on foot, she loves him dancing, but when he is on a horse she *adores* him.

SIR FREDERICK TREVES' book on the Riviera, is being read everywhere here. By publishing it Cassell's have put the Côte d'Azur within the reach of all—and no hotel bill. Undoubtedly it is the best thing on the subject yet written, and takes the reader to all points of interest without a moment's fatigue. No waiting at stations for long over-due trains.



Photograph *Sport and General*

TENNIS AT MONTE CARLO

This group, taken at the opening of the new "La Festa" tennis courts, includes Lady Ward, and Miss Eleanor Goss, the well-known American player

Things That Never Happen

OCCUR REGULARLY ON THIS PAGE

BY VICTOR HICKS

Margot and Winston put their heads together and write a little book on "How to Keep out of the Limelight"

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Driven Blind

BY LAURENCE EASTERBROOK

THE unhappy man paced the long narrow room with its many windows, watching the clock creeping inexorably towards his hour of doom. It still needed fifteen minutes to the supreme moment, and cold moisture broke out on him as he thought of what lay before him. Through one of the windows he could see the crowd outside waiting . . . waiting for him; the knowledge that they would watch every movement of his hands and feet, every detail of how he deported himself before them, re-acted on his overstrained nerves, making him certain that dishonour stared him in the face. For a moment he thought of attempting to escape, but that way led to ignominy and disgrace. No. He had chosen this ordeal, and he must go through with it.

Ten minutes more. He would go out and mingle with his tormentors—they would not recognise him until his time came to stand out and face them, and there were other victims before him. He pictured himself enjoying their agonies with morbid delight, knowing that in a few minutes he would be in their place.

By A. T. Smith

ASKING FOR IT

"I've just written a jolly fine book, 'The Poisonous Nut'!"
"Oh! Detective story or autobiography?"

Lighting a last cigarette, he stepped briskly out to the throng of queerly-dressed people gathered round a square of green turf. Some were laughing and smoking with callous indifference to the sufferings of their fellow-beings; others stood silent, a look of hunted terror in their eyes. Most of them were grasping strange weapons of wood and iron, the very sight of which made his blood run cold. Two minutes more. He was vaguely conscious that someone was speaking to him, saying something about his honour. His time had come.

A hush fell on the waiting crowd. A heavy weapon was pushed into his hand. The crowd drew back giving him space to whirl it round his head.

He now stood out before them alone, and smiling a little wistfully as he heard church bells ringing, for it was Sunday morning.

Sunday! A day of rest and peace!! The irony of it caught his fancy, and he gave a short, hoarse laugh. Would that it were not a matter of his honour!

Nerving himself to a supreme effort, he swung the great club back, right round his shoulders, shut his eyes tightly in his agony, and hit the finest drive of his life

By Thomas Henry

NOISY!

Great Scott! old man, I thought you'd fallen in!"

A Cinemarvel

IN JOSEPH'S PALACE

The reception of Joseph's brethren at his palace in Egypt on their arrival from the land of Canaan in quest of corn

THE OLD TESTAMENT FILMED

These scenes of King Solomon and the Shulamite (inset) and the throwing of discs for His Royal Highness's pleasure are from the film, "The Birth of Christianity." It is an Italian production, and has taken five years to prepare and photograph the many incidents. It claims to present Biblical stories without any religious bias, and will be shown at the principal cinemas almost immediately

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN.

"The unwanted ornament of an east-wind coloured red nose"

"DANS LES NUAGES!"

MES AMIS—

I AM in the mood of the humble. For I have to you to confess. I have thought that I knew much about Paris; that all of the most delicate fibres in me would respond to the most faintest touch of the wand of Parisian life. And now I find not merely that I do not feel, but also that I do not know. *Dans les nuages!* It might just be as if I were a visitor of yesterday. The only consolation that I have is that I share the disability with many millions of Parisians. It is not possible to tell if Paris has for ever lost her gaiety; if Paris has recovered all her gaiety; if Paris is more wicked or less wicked. It is most difficult to say with trueness, This is this or That is that, for one time This *is* this, but next time it is that. And very largely, so I find, it has depended just where one has been and how exactly one has felt. I only just have realised, and that is why I hasten to confess.

THERE has been the case of Mardi Gras, which has made the idea to drive home. When I have been on the boulevards in the afternoon I have been so disappointed with what I have seen that I have agreed with everyone that Paris "has lost her gaiety—for ever." The boulevards have been almost empty of laughter, in spite of the fact that they have been filled with many people. The few girls who have been dressed in the trousers of Pierrot, or the trousers of the boys of Belleville, have had the unwanted ornament of an east-wind coloured red nose. That has spoiled their beauty. And the painful knowledge of its existence has chilled their outbursts of the merriment. All of the watchers who have gone to their home, and stayed at their home, after a look at the dismalness of the afternoon, have felt most sad at the thought of the past Mardis Gras—"Gone for ever."

I WOULD have continued to feel sad also if I have not had an evening rendezvous at the Théâtre de l'Abri to see exactly what is meant by the seductive title of the revue, "*Oui, mais pas toute nue.*" I have to say, *en passant*, I have not discovered what it is that is alluded to as *pas toute nue*, for there has been a very great amount of "*nu.*" But what I have found as I come to turn the corner of the Rue Montmartre is that the Mardi Gras of old has come to life again. *Les songes d'antan! Quelle joie de vous retrouver.*

"I have been seized by three apaches"

IT has been that I have just obtained a taxi. But the chauffeur has been *décommandé* at the instant I have felt the spirit of the crowd. This is no time to speed away, when once again, the first time for six years, the *joie de vivre* of Mardi Gras has taken full possession of the Grands Boulevards. Quick am I one among the mass to jostle and to struggle and in the despite of the wish to go towards the

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

"A little mother"

Madeline am carried captive on the route to the Bastille. Of the serpentines and the confetti there is almost the absence, but there is not any absence of the *abandon*. I have been seized by three *apaches*, who, after they have danced the most wildly around me in a ring, have each kissed the willing victim, their Rue de la Paix origin revealed as their caps have fallen off in the dance and their long tresses escaped. Who, then, could say that Paris gaiety has gone for ever after a *rencontre* of this wild merriment and unrestrained. And it has been the similar experience all through the hours of midnight and until the *point du jour*. And all the world who has been there has agreed that it has had all the exhilaration of the old Mardi Gras. So it has seemed that the *vraie joie de Paris* is still in the hearts of the Parisiennes, although it has appeared to have vanished from the cafés and the streets.

ONE has had the similar experience with the Mi-Carême. There has been scarcely any person who has not said that Mi-Carême will be another disappointment like that of the last. But already the enthusiasm has come to the uppermost. There has been the great difficulty to make a choice of the queens. It is as if the maids of Paris have decided to be their prettiest to reply to the leader of the *pessimisme* who has said that no more will *les reines* be of the beauty that they have been in the years of the *avant-guerre*. *En effet* the candidates for the throne of a day have been so full of the charm and the beauty that have had to be imposed the handicaps. The queen must also be of the royal stamp in her daily toil. Besides to work she must have some special quality. And so has been at each *mairie*, where the choice has been made, a reading of the good works of the queenly ones; and none has had a chance who has not been able to say she is a "little mother" or has done something for *La Patrie*. And even still have been so many who have passed the test that the poor *maires* have had the terrible time to give the choice.

I HAVE the necessity to be careful in making any such statements, but it really has seemed as if all the best of the good little girls, *la crême de la crême*, have been the brunettes. For it has been the brunettes in nearly all the *arrondissements* who have been elected to the queendom and to the possession of the little book of the savings bank which is the revenue. The blondes have all declared that the judges have had the prejudice against them. There is one *arrondissement* where a blonde has carried the light colours to the victory, but it is asserted that this queen is so very exceptionally pretty that she is beyond all rival. So the blondes do not even receive the comfort from the triumph of the best one of their champions.

"The poor maires have had a terrible time"

THERE is, however, this revelation as the consequence of this excitement of the competition—that the interest in the Mi-Carême is as fine as ever it has been in the days of long ago, and efforts are in operation by the *vieux* to give the satisfaction to the desires of the *jeunes*. If but the promise of the enthusiasm of the present is fulfilled upon the Mid-Lent Day it will be one more instance of the famous gaiety of Paris restored. And it may, perhaps, be great enough to let us hope that this time it has come back to remain. ROLAND

Germany Must Pay!

BY ALFRED LEETE

A PEEP INTO THE FUTURE

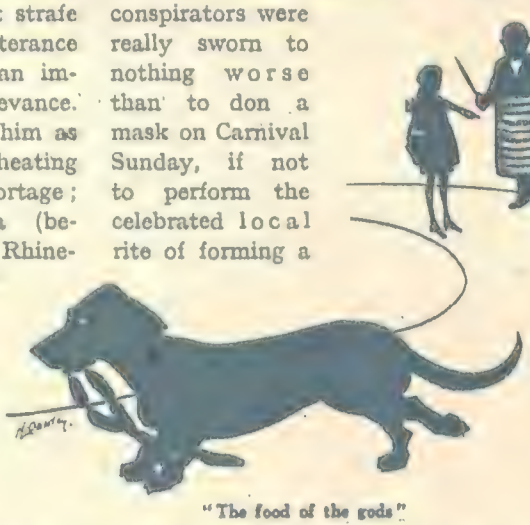
Collapsed Carnival

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

COLOGNE has a grievance. She does not talk about it openly, but nurses it with the devotion of a mother to her first-born. She has discovered what Herr Chancellor Fehrenbach meant by the "burden" of Occupation which he said her citizens were bearing so gallantly. Your landlord, compulsory or otherwise, still counters your *Danke schön* with a *Bitte schön* as smartly delivered as ever, but you little know how the words choke him as "Gott strafe England" struggles for utterance in his throat. It is not an impersonal, international grievance. Reparation demands leave him as cold as does his central heating during the present coal shortage; disarmament of Bavaria (between which country and Rhineland no love has ever been lost) would please him as much as it would the Editor of the *Matin*. It is something far worse than this. Carnival has been again forbidden.

IT matters not that the edict came from the city fathers—it is the fault of all of us in Occupation. Either we must have threatened the Oberbürgermeister with the terrors of military law, or else he felt revelling to be indecent whilst the city lay under the foreign yoke. Comedians paraphrase the title of Berlin's latest operatic success, *The Dead City* as "Cologne without Carnival." Mysterious societies were formed which must have caused much anxiety to the secret police of all those nations which think it necessary to keep a finger on the pulse of Rhineland's underworld. The conspirators were really sworn to nothing worse than to don a mask on Carnival Sunday, if not to perform the celebrated local rite of forming a ring of dancing grotesques round an impotent Prussian Schutzmann, chanting the while a mocking doggerel about policemen in general, corresponding pretty closely to the old music-hall ditty:

"Standing at the corner watching
other people work,
"That'll never upset me."



"The food of the gods"

EVEN had they carried out their wildest intentions (in itself highly unlikely, for the Kölner is noted for his terrific threats and modest performances), it would have been a poor show compared to pre-war days, when Cologne was only second to Munich for carnival abandon, and second to none as regards the number of slender-necked bottles drained during the four days delirium. Politics formed the basis of the carnival procession, and even without the complications of a foreign garrison, its disappearance from a land whose politics are as bitter and as complicated as those of Rhineland probably ensures the preservation of not only clear, but unbroken heads with which to start fasting.

IN other ways the times are out of joint for junketting. After a brief month of unrationed—and, therefore, abundant—meat, we are told that the authorities intend to stop profiteering by re-instituting rationing—thereby gladdening the heart of the *restaurateur* and the meat Schieber, who keeps the former supplied with smuggled meat which is retailed at outrageous prices to the public. Soon we shall be reduced to melancholy. Butchers shops, filled with "the food of the gods" as Rhineland calls sausages, because they alone know their contents. The rise of the Mark is a further check on the carnival spirit of British exiles in Cologne.

IMPROVED exchange values have largely been secured by restricting purchases abroad, thus diminishing imports. The day when one could demand a cup of coffee and get it has come and gone. We are back in the old War-time conditions, when the waitress countered with; "Do you mean coffee 'Ersatz,' coffee, coffee from coffee beans, coffee from *real* coffee beans, or special genuine *guaranteed pure* 'Mocha' coffee?"

ERIC GORDON

"Forbidden Carnival" (By H. L. Oakley

People I Have Never Seen

BY J. H. THORPE

J. M. GREGORY, THE AUSTRALIAN FAST BOWLER

A Very Fair "Notion"

Photograph] MISS JULIETTE COMPTON *[Foulsham and Banfield*

A new and hitherto unpublished portrait of one of the American beauties brought over by Mr. C. B. Cochran, and now appearing in "The League of Notions" at the New Oxford

Mis' Nell o' New Orleans

AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S

By "JINGLE"
Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THIS is a personal triumph for Miss Irene Vanbrugh, who is to be heartily felicitated accordingly. The story, which is of singular delicacy and charm, is set in the most fascinating scenery, and revolves all the while round the delightful individuality of Miss Vanbrugh, who is the Nell of the piece. We learn that twenty years previously Nell had been affianced to a Creole gentleman named Georges Durand. On his wedding morn, however, Mr. Durand politely intimated that he did not think it was good enough, or words to that effect, and declined to proceed with the enterprise. Nell, therefore, left her old home in a hurry, and took her broken heart to Paris, where she at once set about taking, as the classic saying has it, a hair of the dog that had bitten her. In her own breezy way she gives us to understand that she became a desperate flirt, and when, here and there, in the course of her narrative she thinks a "damn" or two will help to liven the story up a bit, she does not hesitate to slide the expletive in.

IRENE VANBRUGH AS NELLY DAVENTRY

MR. DURAND seems to have consoled himself for the loss of Nell very quickly, since at the opening of the story, twenty years after the interrupted wedding, we find him with a grown-up son named Félix, already old enough to make trouble on his own account. He has become secretly engaged to Delphine, who happens to be Nell's niece. Mr. Georges Durand, who now positively dislikes Nell, will not hear of his son marrying a relation of that unpleasant woman, and father and son, who both appear to have rich, Southern tempers very nearly come to blows on the subject. Then the news is communicated to Nell in Paris by a trusty correspondent, and she hurries away with regret from a really likely flirtation, to throw herself into a family squabble in her old New Orleans home. How far, however, she has come to arrange her niece's love affair, and

(Continued on page 466)

What It Fe

—TO ARRIVE AT A DANC

els Like—

BY FLEMING WILLIAMS

E WITHOUT A PARTNER

how far she has come merely with an eye to the main chance for herself, it is not for a person without guile like myself to determine. Nell is, of course, now no longer in the first bloom of youth. Discussion, or even surmise, concerning a lady's age is always a delicate—not to say indelicate—proceeding, but Nell herself has no illusions on the subject. Everybody knows she was about eighteen when she ran away, and she has been gone twenty years, and as most people are capable of working out a simple addition sum like that to its correct answer, Nell is quite willing to let it go at that.

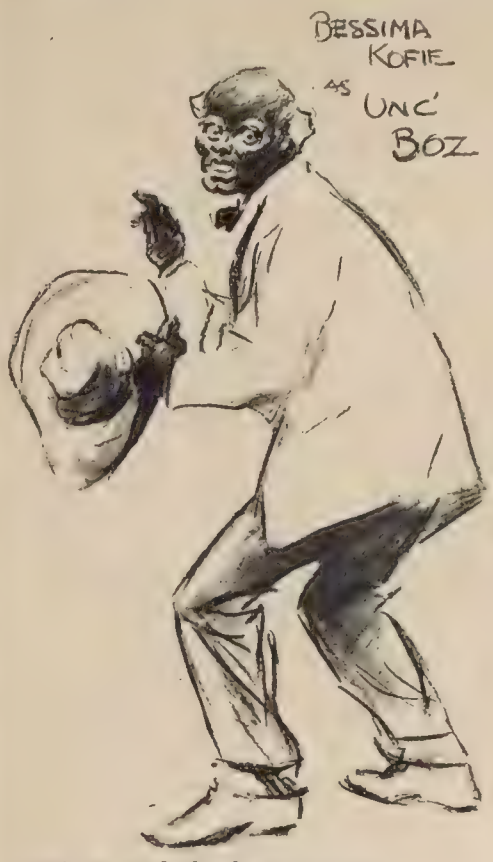
INDEED, on her first appearance she admits to feeling a little old, and she is dressed in the sober attire of middle-age in order that she may impress her niece with the idea that she is a person of mature experience and great responsibility. She walks with a stick, and uses an ear-trumpet which she found in the reticule of a deceased relative; but her high spirits do not allow her to live up to her disguise for long. Meanwhile Félix, after having exchanged a few well-chosen words with his father, terminates the interview by announcing that, as he is not to be allowed to marry Delphine, he will just go out and paint the town red, and drag the family name in the mire, and make quite an objectionable young ass of himself generally. This he does with such effect that he plays into his father's hands most disastrously. Nell, who is trying to arrange the matter, asks Mr. Durand why he will not hear of his son's marriage to Delphine. The stern parent's answer is that his son is already married.

AN EXTRA TURN BY BARBARA GOTT (ZEPHYRINE) IS INTERRUPTED BY LESLIE FABER (PÈRE CLÉMENT)

IRENE VANBRUGH AS NELLY

JACK HOBBS AS FELIX

THIS is, of course, a rather big pill to swallow, especially as Félix insists on the fact that he is still a single man, and solemnly engaged to Delphine. But it is alleged that when he went out that night to throw pink streaks about New Orleans he made the acquaintance of a designing lady who had stayed sober on purpose, and who rushed him off to the local priest, and married him right away. In support of his statement, Mr. Durand produces the lady in the case; but even then nobody is convinced, as she is so obviously a lady of the sort one does not marry. There is thus manifestly a plot afoot, engineered by Mr. Durand in his dislike for Nell, and she undertakes to start a counter-plot, apparently with the idea of getting her niece off her hands, and leaving her free to receive the attentions of Mr. Durand as soon as he can be moved to offer them. It is admittedly a rather difficult task to turn a man's sentiment from that of bitter hatred to that of undying affection, in the course of twenty-four hours; but, then, Nell is a very fascinating



creature, and she has at hand the means of proving positively that it was not her fault that the wedding of twenty years ago never came off, but the fault of the bridegroom. He had sinfully mistaken her for what she wasn't; and now she is going to show him how badly he slipped up.

o

It is the night of the Carnival Mardi Gras, and it suddenly occurs to Nell that a woman is as old as she feels. She appears all at once before us in the dress she was to have worn on that projected wedding twenty years ago, and she proves so attractive that for the moment there is danger that young Félix is likely to let Delphine go, and take the aunt to his arms instead. For Nell has, indeed, become a most fascinating creature. She has, as it were, presented herself to Durand as he first knew her. It is as though the lost years had taken his youth from him and left him a morose, vindictive creature, while Nell not only looks as young as ever, but has all the high spirits of a young, irresponsible girl. In the course of her counterplot she reconstitutes for Durand's benefit the scene of that night twenty years ago. Does he remember that the servants were singing plantation songs? Well, listen! They are singing those songs now. And the songs come to us pleasantly from the distance, followed by a snatch of opera in a rich tenor voice to remind Durand that that was how he had serenaded Nell twenty years ago. And while he writhes in discomfort at the recollection of it all, Nell is chaffing him and ridiculing him almost to boiling-point.

Then it becomes time to show Durand what a mistake he made twenty years ago in supposing that Nell was not the right sort of girl for a chap to marry, don't you know. This involves a series of little stories, in which each narrator recalls the past to slow music, and both the idea and its execution are extremely beautiful. Durand's native language is, presumably, French, so that his English is daintily broken throughout. The same applies to Mr. Leslie Faber, as Père Clement, a Creole priest, and at one moment when the reverend Father and Durand break away and have a private little row of their own they burst into French very creditably. Mr. C. M. Hallard gives a strong performance as Durand, while Helen Spencer is quite sweet as the flapper Delphine, who is very ably supported by Mr. Jack Hobbs as Félix. But it is the delicate art of Miss Vanbrugh that makes the play so pleasant a memory, and it is that which, no doubt, will attract the public to this theatre for many months to come.

JINGLE

Truths & Trifles

A Londoner of forty-five recently told a magistrate that he had never travelled on a Metropolitan train. If he can keep this up there seems no reason why he should not live to be ninety.

* * * *

"No Smoking at Fires" is the latest order issued to Chichester Fire Brigade. Some difficulty, however, has been experienced in impressing this upon the fires themselves.

* * * *

A gentleman who has just died at Hounslow had never seen the sea, and had only once been in a bus. He seems to have had all the qualifications necessary for the posts of First Sea Lord or Minister of Transport.

* * * *

"It would be wiser for people not to come to close quarters with psycho-analysis unless they are prepared to grapple with the terrible"——Dr. Ernest Jones. In that case psycho-analysis can hold no terrors for us, trained as we are on income-tax forms.

* * * *

"Nature-Lover" writes to us from Godalming to state that last Tuesday he distinctly heard a plumber calling to its mate.

By Hesketh Daubeny

OBSTINACY

The pup who would not budge

By Gertrude V. Crosby

"THE HIGHER THE FEWER"

"I'm going to have my next dress made shorter"
"Well, personally, I don't care for neck pieces"

Over 1,000 designs for a new postage stamp have been received by the French Government. Our own Government, on the other hand, has been inundated with designs for a new Postmaster-General.

A TRIFLE EDENISH

["*Imagine a 'nightie' cut on medieval lines, and that is the frock we shall all be wearing when Easter comes.*"—Fashion Note.]

When knights were bold the maiden fair
Flashed glad eyes from a wimple—
Shortage of gold made ladies' wear
Inevitably simple.

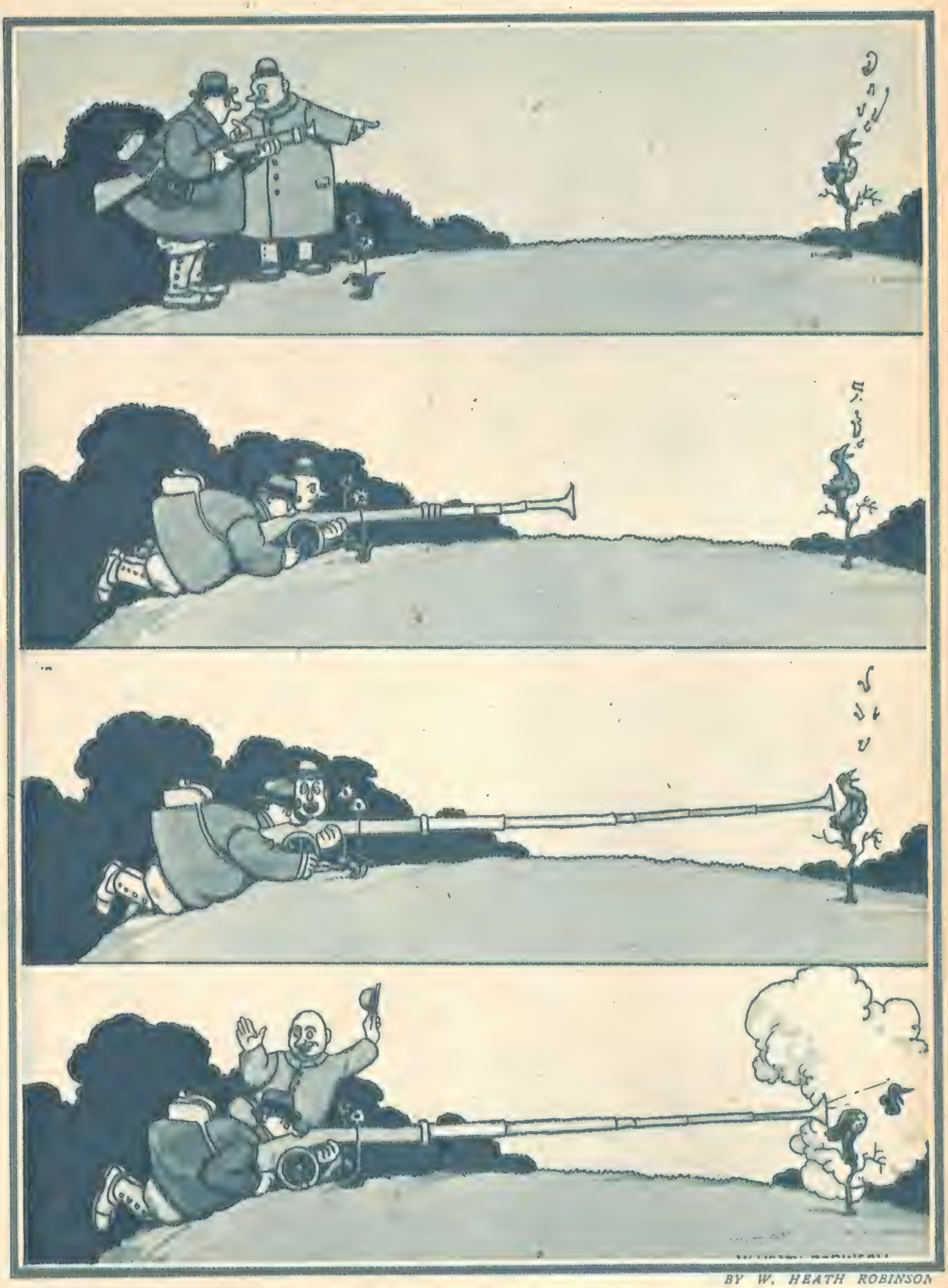
This Easter will provide, I find,
A fashion much more flighty:
A frock to thrill, which calls to mind
A medieval "nightie!"

Although it may (in fact, it must)
Be frivolously frisky,
I'm bound to say it sounds—well, just
A teeny wee bit risqué.

For in those medieval days
(The *modes* were harum-scarum!)
"Nighties," you read, were not a craze,
Because . . . they didn't wear 'em!

E. L. Roberts

A New Gun



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

FOR MAKING SURE OF HITTING THINGS

One gets so tired of this sort of people in the serial stories

Richard Ironblast, a strong young man, who has made his fortune out of a new torpedo for aeroplanes. He is young, handsome, and shortly inherits a title. In despair he joins the Turkish Air Force. He is in love with

Ivy de Maupertuis, a rich heiress, and winner of a beauty prize, but she is also loved by Simon Dark an unscrupulous adventurer.

Bruce Bairnsfather

Why not this, now and again?

Mr. T. Smith, who works at a Glue Factory. He is bald, and has a squint He never had any money, and doesn't expect any, He doesn't join any force, but uses dumbbells, as the panel doctor said it would do his digestion good. He is sick to death of

Priscilla Pillwash, an epileptic orphan, who has'nt any money either. There are no competitors for her hand. They cannot possibly get married until Mr Smith's life insurance money comes in, and then it will be too late.

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

ROMANCE REVOLUTIONISED

AUTUMN LEAVES

BY ERIC GORDON.

"COME in," grunted Wilton, without turning round. The door opened and closed very softly. Wilton painted on for five minutes in a silence only broken by the sound of his drawing at his pipe and the sizzling of the nicotine in the bowl. "Humph!" he grunted, straightening his back and stepping back to survey his work; then, without turning round, "What do you want?"

"You, Dickie."

He swung round, dropping his pipe and his palette in his agitation.

"Amelie, you? I thought you were in Nice?"

"Got back last night." She looked at him, radiant and expectant. He was still thinking of his work, and saw only the radiance. He was startled, too, and by the time that he had recovered his normal mood, together with his pipe and palette, there was only radiance to be seen.

"It's very good of you to come," he said, "but—is it wise?" He advanced towards her, holding out both hands in a welcome that his perplexed expression seemed to qualify. "Your note said you would not come until——"

She laughed. "Dear old Dickie — what a head you have. The decree was made absolute yesterday. Didn't you expect me? You look lost."

"I am," he said, quickly. "I thought you were still in Nice, you see—I didn't know about the decree. You forbade me to see you or write to you in between, so there was nothing for it but to try and forget the whole beastly thing in work." He waved his hand towards the canvas. Her glance followed his gesture.

"Landscape?" she said; "that's new, isn't it? You surely——"— she looked round the studio wonderingly—"——you surely haven't given up portraits?"

"No," he said, rather bitterly. "I haven't. They've given up me, or, rather, my sitters have."

"But how extraordinary, Dickie," she spoke sharply, incredulously—"you don't mean to say——"

"My dear Amelie, why this amazement? You know what my *clientèle* was—pompous, prosperous puritans, who had done well enough to want to perpetuate their features as founders of the family fortunes, but were far too skilful as business men to pay the price of a man with a name who could afford not to flatter them. Well—*figure—toi!* Their nice, cheap 'young man'—they called me that when they patted me on the back after the last sitting, offering me a cup of cocoa while they tried to whittle "guineas" down to "pounds," turns up in the divorce court, named as co-respondent in the counter-charge of a *cause celèbre*."

"But, Dickie Boy"—she blushed girlishly enough to belie her forty-odd years—"it was disproved in open court. Why, everybody who knew either of us knew how beastly, how vilely impossible it was, and everybody who knew—my husband—must equally have known what cruel meanness he was capable of as revenge for my instituting the suit against him."

"With your extremely unpleasant ex-spouse, Amelie, I dealt satisfactorily the day after you left England—and immediately burnt the good cane I had been forced to defile. But one can't go round horsewhipping all the prosperous tradesmen in London who believe the slander and have dropped me as a painter. 'Throw enough mud,' you know—and no one can say that your late unlamented and his counsel stinted themselves in filth projectiles."

"I know, I know, Boy." She crossed the room, and seated herself by him on the divan on which he had petulantly flung himself. "They were beastly enough—but it did no harm. I won my case, and he lost his. Everyone I have met since has been perfectly charming to me."

She could tell him that without turning a hair, because it was true—as far as it went. Everyone she had met *had* been charming—in Nice—but even there she had been careful only to meet those from whom she knew no rebuff could be expected. But she was not looking forward to facing Kensington after the mud-splashing—alone. Yet better alone than that he should feel "in honour bound."

"Have they?" he said, eagerly. The bitterness, the lifelessness, the prematurely-aged cynicism had gone from his voice. He was her boy of twenty-five again — the boy who had been nothing to her but a talented *protégé* to be helped, till his courage and resource in defending her slandered honour at the trial had aroused warmer feelings. "I have been living in a dream since the trial, Amelie—a nightmare, rather—in which you and I were driven out by a censorious world into the wilderness—out and into each other's arms. If I alone

By Victor Hicks

"THE PITY OF IT"

Tragedian: "I find it very difficult to get work nowadays" Low Comedienne: "Perhaps it's because you insist on acting, dearie"

"AUTUMN LEAVES" (*concluded*)

have been blamed, then I am only too glad. Why, it makes the whole future clear!"

His tone made it dark for her just then. Something seemed to be slipping from her—yet she was too proud to struggle to retain it.

"Mine—yes. But yours?"

"My future is assured, Amelie. I shall do better with landscape after all than by flattering unknown pomposities. Nature requires no flattery. Look at that little thing I was just finishing off"—he pointed to the canvas. "Commissioned by Bond Street for ten guineas—just a corner of Kensington Gardens. I can turn out five of those a month as a recreation—and I'm being pestered for them. 'Autumn Leaves,' I call it. D'you like it?"

All the sadness and none of the glory of autumn was in the simple little picture—the falling leaves were dull yellow without a touch of gold, the branches of the cold grey trees seemed to be drooping earthwards in a yearning sadness for their fallen glories.

"It is splendid, Dickie," she said, after a moment's inspection. "You are right—landscape, not portrait, is your *métier*. But the idea is far too good to be thrown away in a hasty pot-boiler. Why don't you make a big picture of it?"

"Perhaps I will, later, as a sequel to the big thing I'm working on now. How do you like that—'Spring'?"

"That" was a larger canvas showing an old-world garden, bathed in a flood of sunshine. All the flowers that go to make the glory of an English garden at that season were suggested, and coming up the path was a girl, her arms full of masses of early roses, whose fresh and radiant beauty seemed to hold the spirit of Spring itself.

The woman looked at it with the eyes of an experienced critic. "It is a wonderful picture, Dickie, of course. I can find no fault, really. Yet, somehow—it doesn't appeal to me quite like 'Autumn Leaves.' In that I see the soul of a day—in this a picture of a delightful old garden and a lovely girl. Who is she—a new model?"

In his sudden embarrassment she read the answer before he spoke.

"Yes. She is not a regular model, though. She is the only one of that crowd who believed in me—and insisted on sitting for that picture despite her father's anger. She was the one person who inspired me to keep going in those first days when all doors were suddenly closed in my face and prospects looked black."

There was a silence, Wilton looking at the picture, and she looking at him. Then:

"Well, Dickie, I must be off." She held out her hand. "I am so glad things are going well for you. We may not meet for some time, as I'm going abroad again."

"What—at once?" She nodded. "But look here, oughtn't we—I mean, I was going to ask you to marry me as soon as the decree was made absolute."

"Don't be silly, Dickie," she answered, lightly. "Not in these days."

"Well, people certainly seem to be just the same to you, don't they?" came the casual rejoinder, with all the unconscious egotism of his temperament.

"Yes," she said, simply. She could not amplify it. "Now I must run. Let me know how you get on with—'Spring'—it is lovely, but somehow I feel more in tune with 'Autumn Leaves.'" With a wave of the hand, she was gone.

"Queer things, women," grunted Wilton, relighting his pipe. "One never knows quite how to take 'em." And with a light hand he gave a final touch of grey to his "pot-boiler." ERIC GORDON

THE BYSTANDER

SPECIAL SPRING NUMBER

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IN PICTURE, PROSE AND VERSE.

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REGINALD HIGGINS
ALBERT BAILEY
&c., &c.

Wednesday, March 9
ONE SHILLING

SPRING NUMBER

BY H. S. MAY

DO MARRIED MEN MAKE THE BEST HUSBANDS?

Decocting the Reparation Dump

BY THE BYSTANDER IN BERLIN

The Pruss Won't Pay

Prussland's weak spirits are going up; and, in mood of renewed jubilation, her strong spirits are going down. *Der Brite*—the Briton—is going to pay the 226,000,000,000 marklets. And not only that, but also the 12 per cent. Export Duty, which on a yearly 10,000,000,000 marklets of exports will total in forty-two yearlets a neat 50,400,000,000 marklets. The Pruss has so decided; and he will achieve it by concocting an Unexampled Dump. Whether this is his wickedness, as the cross *Brite* will say, or only his fate in that there is no other way of paying up the marklets, only a detached Bystander on just, objective Mars can say. But that's what's going to happen; and every Pruss, realising the comfortable fact, hops, dances, sends his weak spirits up and sends his strong spirits down.

THROUGH GERMAN EYES

"The Victors' friendly collaboration in the Far East!"

From "Ulk"

The Dump Stunt

The Bystander in Berlin is no congenital Pessimist; but after dull, back-bending study of Prussic Business (this, and not forced, agonising humour is his speciality), he is convinced that the Pruss will succeed. An Universal, Earthquaking, and Delirious Dump is the mechanism by which France will get her cash, French villages be restored (not so picturesquely), and Prussian Rhineland freed from the hated (in so far as he brings *englische Cigaretten*, loved) invader. By Dumping at under production-cost Prussland made herself a World-Power; by not Dumping Wilhelm the Wonderful at half production-cost she lost her World-Power; by Dumping this time at quarter production-cost she will clear off her Indemnity; and—*der Brite* will pay.

Der Brutale Brite

That is, if the Indemnity is to be "paid" at all. How far the Pruss really has free-will to choose between not "paying" anything, and "paying" *via* a Delirious Dump at England's cost, is a metaphysical problem for Determinist philosophers. Being a painfully honest man, the Pruss emphatically prefers to "pay" at England's cost, thereby freeing his vinous, desirable Rhineland, to not paying anything, and losing the Rhineland and more. Therefore the "Lösung"—the new watch-word—is "Pay, but hand the bill on to *der Brite*." By Dumping. Of course, being a fair man, the Pruss does not mean to crush only *der Brite*. Other nations will help to foot the bill. But as America is self-sufficing, and needs no foreign trade, and as the small nationlets don't count, the Universal Prussic Dump will be mainly at the cost of *der brutale Brite*—who is not self-sufficing, and cannot get on at all without exporting goods at prices as low as the Pruss's.

The Export Trickery

The Pruss will dump in the iron, steel, engineering, hardware, cotton, wool industries. It is by selling these, he reasons, that also *der Brite* gets hard cash to pay for foreign wheat, raw cotton, raw cognac, lip-salve, and to provide Old Age Pensions to superannuated alien-immigrant Bolsheviks. A special commercial job put the B.-in-B. this week to studying sentiment in the iron and engineering trades of Westphalia and Silesia. "Are they downhearted?" They are in magnificent mood. They declare that for the first time in their history they will be *compelled* to export. Export in unprecedented floods is the only way in which Prussland can pay its debt. If Prussic production costs rises over Britannic, Prussland must still export. Therefore, the Prussic Government must itself guarantee, organise, and ensure export. And as the goods must be sellable abroad, that being the only way to collect the 226,000,000,000 marklets, they must be sold at prices that will rout competition. That is, Dumped.

Killing English Trade

That, say the iron interests, follows logically out of the Paris decree. It is made doubly sure by later official declarations that the 12 per cent. export duty is not formally a duty at all, but a percentage to be collected on the volume of Prussic export. As Prussic manufacturers cannot bear this and at the same time export (which they must do if Germany is to "pay"), the Prussic State will have to subsidise the goods. This rejoices the manufacturer. He has an absolute guarantee of sale abroad of an increased volume of goods; and, of course, he knows that success lies in increased volume, not in higher prices. So the manufacturer will gain. *Der Brite* will pay; because the volume of Prussic goods (if Prussland is to "pay" at all) Dumped on the world-market must be so great that there will be no demand for *Der Brite's* goods.

What It Means

History's biggest Dump will begin immediately after the London Conference has launched its decree. The Dump will be as hard to express in ordinary figures as astronomical distances are to express in miles. Astronomers have to measure in Light-Years. England will have to measure the Demoniacal Dump in UNEMPLOYMENT PAY.

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To Entertain the Prince

Photograph LADY BLYTHSWOOD [*Lafayette*

Who will entertain the Prince of Wales during his stay in Glasgow. This visit is the first of an extensive tour, primarily intended to help cement that feeling between Labour and Capital which is so necessary to the encouragement of increased production

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE." *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *February* 28

DEAR COUSIN—

WE buy our springs dearly, methinks, here in England now—or any other old time, for that matter. Oh, to be . . . etc., of course, as Browning said in his immemorial lines, but April isn't here yet, not by any means, and the premature attempts at spring that precede, for all their fleeting charm and fascinating surprises, have also little drawbacks and disadvantages of their own. Such as "flu," for instance.

卐 卐

WHICH really has been quite devastating lately, you know. And having just had *my* little lot, can speak with some feeling about it. The utter and absolute weariness of it. . . . The aches, the sickness of heart. . . . That why-was-I-ever-born sensation. And all the time the sun shining brilliantly outside, and through the open bedroom window the songs of little birds revelling in what they, anyway, *think* is spring!

"Expensive Peace Conferences"

卐 卐

MORE maddening, I think, to be ill just when the earth's beginning to wake up than any other time of the year. The air is full of impulses, every breeze stirs something to life, a soft whisper of creation runs through every one of Nature's moods. You long—if you live at all—to be out and among it all, helping or sharing in the re-birth of the world, even if it be only by just "standing and staring," *à la* W. H. Davies. And there you lie, a hapless flu-victim, helpless, heavy-headed, mastered by the vile body that ought to be your alert and willing slave. . . .

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STILL, after all, there *are* comforts and compensations, just one or two, here and there. Sympathetic little dragon dogs, for instance, who, when their owner's tied to bed insist on coming and sharing it all day as well as night—and especially at meal times. They've got nice simple tastes, too, and don't mind having their little whack (just to show there's no ill-feeling) at any kind of invalids' food, even the very milkiest of milk puddings. And sympathetic friends, too—seems to me you've got to be ill or something to realise how much kindness there is in the world.

卐 卐

AND then there's convalescence. A very limp, weak, weary, dreary thing it is just to start with, perhaps—but, oh! the joy of waking up gradually to the fact that the worst, anyway, is over, that you aren't (as you'd been quite sure for the past few days) permanently crocked and put on the shelf, and that you may even one day, with luck and if you're very good, taste real, red-blooded, vigorous life again. To feel yourself getting stronger and stronger, to be able once more to sit up and take notice of this lovely world and all that therein is, to look smilingly once more at the sun and listen to the songs of the little birds. . . .

卐 卐

FOR it's a lovely world, a wonderful world, after all, isn't it? If it weren't, s'pose we shouldn't take so much trouble as we do to stay in it, should we? Or hate so much as we do the idea of leaving it. Especially when there comes to us, at times like these, a breath, true or false, of spring, with all its vague and mystic promise—

And in that golden hour a breeze there blows
Potent as wine to lift the heart anew,
Sweet as the perfume of the opening rose,
And life's adventure opens to the view. . . .

卐 卐

AND we forget, happily we forget, what we have been through—and forget, too, still more luckily, to think of what may lie ahead. Can't think

"Wrecks of war . . . "

who it was ever said a good memory was a thing to be treasured and valued and cultivated, and all that sort of thing. If good means faithful, that is. What you want is the sort of elastic memory that bounces over all the nasty and painful parts and just remembers the nice bits or the ones that will be useful and profitable, what?

IT'S not an altogether impossible ideal, either, I'm sure. Has been attained, for instance, by all the best politicians, so one gathers—not to mention others. Perfectly marvellous, *par exemple*, how successfully the late War (except as may sometimes somehow be politically *convenable*) has been plunged into the waters of oblivion. Lots of expensive peace conferences and things, of course, about what territory who's going to get, and whether the Treaty of Sèvres is to stand good or not, and so on. But no mass meetings of the big-bugs, so far as I can gather, over the matter of the couple of hundred thousand or so of our fighting men who are still out of jobs. And plenty of half-page advertisements of appeals for help for poor starving Austrian children, signed by Archbishops and people. But not a word that I can see about our own poor men, thousands of them, still in hospital here—wrecks of the War, crippled, shell-shocked, and worse. . . .

"Income Tax!"

ARE they forgotten? Yes, alas! I fear, by most of us they are. Life's very busy, and there's no one to remind us. And, you know, I think quite a lot of people believed, and still believe, that when the War ended, all its accompaniments and consequences came to an end, too. Khaki was doffed, hospitals were closed, the sick took up their beds and walked—and everyone lived happily for ever after. . . .

A nice comfortable attitude of mind, anyway, what?

ONE or two war-reminders still floating about, all the same, even for the most prosaic and least imaginative citizen of the greatest city in the world. Income-tax papers, for example—which are the fiercest products of the Inland Revenue authorities yet, and not likely to become any milder in the immediate future, either. "A reduction in income-tax is at present impossible," says Mr. Austen Chamberlain—and no wonder, really, when you come to look at the bills we've got to pay.

EIGHTY millions alone for the mere job of *leaving* Mesopotamia—not to speak for a moment of what we've spent there. Another twenty-one millions for the railways (which doubles the original estimate). And any number of "supplementary estimates" still to come for the Civil Services, although they've already had nearly eighty millions over and above the sum stipulated in the Budget. And then they talk about living being cheaper, just because bread's gone down a halfpenny and butter a penny, or whatever it is!

"Dance *cum* buffet shows"

NO wonder the commercial people are grousing so hard about trade being bad and all the rest of it. No one's fixing up any big parties, apparently, after the old before-the-season style, in spite of all the pre-War pomp and panoply of scarlet and gold and bearskins and Beefeaters which was revived for the opening of Parliament. And for which we, the humble and impoverished taxpayers, no doubt'll eventually have to foot the bill.

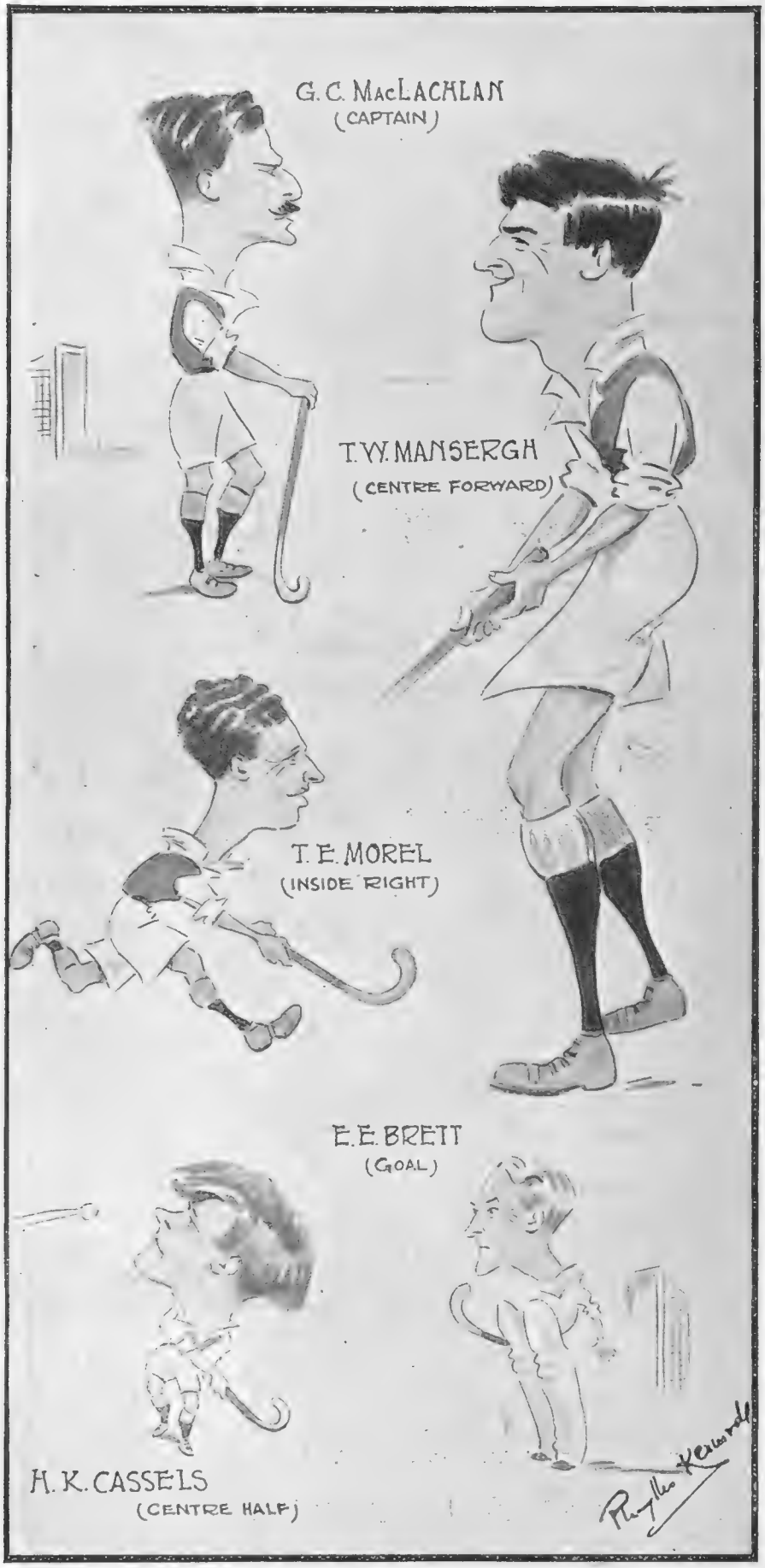
THE old kind of lavish private party, anyway, *on dit*, is about dead—except for the very wealthiest and most exuberant of profiteers. For the rest—just a dance *cum* buffet-supper show or two at the restaurants, where you can cut things fairly fine on contract prices. And even, perhaps, if things go on this way just a bit longer, parties on the "American" plan of each-pay-for-each? Why not, after all? Much friendlier and more satisfactory—and would help to weed out *some* of the duds, anyway.

With love, yours ever, BLANCHETTE

Our Peace-Time Air Force

BY LIEUT.-COL. E. G. O. BEUTTLER.

The principal duty of Commanding Officers of Air Stations is to sell surplus stores



CAMBRIDGE

At Beckenham last Wednesday Cambridge won the 'Varsity Hockey Match by four goals to one after leading at half time by two to one

SPORTS &

THE 'VARSITY

The Pace that Didn't Kill

AMONG the many noteworthy features of last Wednesday's 'Varsity match the most noteworthy was the extraordinary pace at which it was played, and the way in which that pace was maintained all through. Two better trained teams can seldom, if ever, have taken the field, for every man was going as hard in the last ten minutes as he was in the first ten. And each of those periods of ten minutes was momentous; the last one settled the issue in favour of Cambridge, the first might conceivably have settled their hash, for they made a very shaky start, and if they had not succeeded, somewhat miraculously, in keeping Oxford out during those first ten minutes they might never have recovered from it, and the unexpected might again have happened. As it was, they suddenly found their game, and the net, almost simultaneously, and thereafter were clearly the better side.

Robustness and Method

ONE has heard their play characterised as pretty, but on Wednesday it was a good deal more than that. I doubt whether mere prettiness would have pulled them through. In many respects their play was as robust as that of Oxford, but there was more method about it, and that is why they won. In attack they passed with intention, quickly and accurately, whereas Oxford seldom achieved anything beyond a speculative whack which might or might not reach an Oxford man — with one exception. H. L. Price, the Oxford "Rugger" Blue, at centre half, had method as well as robustness. He gave passes which were real passes and went to the people for whom they were intended. Added to this he worked like a nigger in defence, tackled beautifully, and was always in the right place. He was, in fact, about the best half on the field, and a better man, on the day, than his international *vis-à-vis*, H. K. Cassels.

PASTIMES

HOCKEY MATCH

How Cambridge Won

ANOTHER hard worker on the Oxford side was J. McDougall, the centre-forward; but he is mainly an individualist, and there was little or no cohesion between him and his colleagues. This was more especially apparent in the circle where they lost many chances through failing to support each other in the way, for instance, that Morel—another "Rugger" Blue—supported Mansergh on the Cambridge side. Mansergh was the "marked man" of the line—and he was very well marked, too, but Morel was always there to back him up and so it was that Morel scored four times after the Oxford defence had been practically used up in stopping Mansergh, who, by the way, was twice unlucky in losing his stick when he had a fine chance of scoring.

Modern Developments

I HAVE seen O'Shea, the Oxford captain, play better in the forward line, but MacLachlan, who, like the Duke of Plaza Toro, "led his regiment from behind," has come on a lot since last year, and the two goalkeepers were both excellent, though Phillips (Oxford) was, of course, the more highly tried after the first ten minutes, during which Brett made two very clever saves. A small point, but one well worth noting nevertheless, was that Oxford stopped the ball with their hands much more often than Cambridge. This manœuvre, while it makes for safety, wastes a fraction of time which is sometimes of the utmost value, whether in attack or defence. In modern hockey quickness is half the battle and I think that in the game of the future we shall see the ball stopped with the stick with as much certainty as it now is with the hand. Another noticeable development is the push stroke. This, too, is a time-saver of great value, and one saw it exploited with much skill by both teams last Wednesday.

OXFORD By PHYLLIS KERMODE

Thanks to the stoutness of their defence Oxford held their own for more than three parts of the game. Each University has now won twelve matches and three have been drawn

Photograph *G.P.U.*

MISSED BY INCHES

A shot by Cambridge in the 'Varsity Hockey Match which, as will be seen, beat the Oxford goalkeeper, but passed just outside the post

SPORTS AND PASTIMES (concluded)

Rapidity of execution is going to be more than ever the keynote of the game.

GOLF

A Golfers' "Davis Cup"

I DOUBT whether the American project to institute an Amateur International Championship of Golf on the lines of the Davis Cup Competition at lawn tennis will appeal very much to English golfers, in spite of the growing popularity of international contests in sport. In the first place, it is contemplated to limit the number of players who represent a nation to four, whereas in England we expect a team—properly so called—to consist of about double that number. One of the drawbacks, to my way of thinking, of the Davis Cup, is that the "team" may only consist of two players, and cannot consist of more than four.

"Exes"

ON the other hand, the cost of the travelling expenses and up-keep of a team of eight or ten players would be prohibitive; the cost of four is quite heavy enough. Then, again, by whom would it be borne? For there is no amateur body in English golf answering to the Lawn Tennis Association. And although the Lawn Tennis Association has now made quite a good thing out of the "running" of its Davis Cup teams, it was some time before the corner was turned, nor is it any certainty that the running of a national golf team would be equally successful, supposing a body willing to run it could be found or formed.

A Hope Worth Cherishing

TO make up for the limitation in the *personnel* of the competing teams it is proposed that the contests shall consist of singles, foursomes, and four-ball matches, and the introduction of the four-baller is rather a startling innovation, for in this country it has never been recognised in contests between representative teams. Another innovation is the proposed method of scoring by which the loser of a match (36 holes) may, nevertheless, score a point for a lead on the first eighteen or the second eighteen holes. English golfers are conservative, and with them it is the winning of the match which alone matters. America's proposal is, nevertheless, one which, apart from its actual form, was bound to be made by somebody sooner or later, and even if we don't get a golfers' Davis Cup just yet we may expect, and even hope for, a team match of sorts between the amateurs of England and America before we are very much older. It is at any rate a hope worth cherishing.

H. S. S

Photograph *L.N.A.*

A FRIENDLY HAND-SHAKE

Between the rival captains in the Association football match at Woolwich last week between the École Polytechnique (the famous French Military Academy) and the R.M.A., which resulted in a draw. The R.M.A. won the Rugby match and the École Polytechnique the fencing, so that the honours were easy in this the first encounter of its kind

Photograph *Sport and General*

J. ADAM

Winner of the Senior Steeplechase at Eton last week. He led from the start, and his time 15 min. 6 sec. (over a course of two miles, 970 yards) was 20 secs. faster than that of I. J. Pitman who won last year

CORELLI

Before Meals.

YOU could not possibly fail to notice the beneficial effects which invariably follow the partaking of a glass of Corelli Italian Vermouth before meals.

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Corelli is a delightful old wine, mellow and distinctly pleasing to the palate. By reason of its superior vinosity and aromatic herbs, Corelli is acclaimed not merely by us, but by its thousands of adherents, to be "Italy's Best Vermouth." Obtainable from Hotels, Stores and Wine and Spirit Merchants.

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RACING·NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

MR. ADAM SCOTT By "The Tout"

Who gave us a special sitting (unawares) the other day, is a personality known for years to all racegoers, especially in the North. He owns, trains, and rides his horses and has four in the "National," besides owning such well-known animals as "Nant Coch," "Be a Lad," etc.

"Adam"

YES; Mr. Adam Scott is undoubtedly a "figure" in present-day racing. His home and stables are in far away Northumberland, but he is fond of bringing his horses south to measure with the best that can be put against them. He brings his own jockeys, too, and that, I think, has cost him two or three races; but his loyalty to his lads is good to see, and perhaps he is not a loser by it in the long run. Anyway, he has gained his share of successes this winter with Be a Lad, Waterbottle, and others. Everybody agrees that he knows how to train horses, and, what is more, he can ride them himself to advantage when occasion arises. Perhaps the greatest mistake of his career was when he sold Turkey Buzzard to Mrs. Hollins. If that horse wins the Grand National, Adam will never cease to reproach himself.

The "Buzzard"

IT will be very hard lines for Mrs. Hollins if the "Buzzard" cannot be got to Aintree. I watched him carefully in his race at Newbury last week, and he never made the slightest blunder at his fences. However, I fancied he had had quite enough of it by the end of the three miles' journey. I thought the explanation was forthcoming when his jockey-trainer looked very attentively to the horse's off foreleg upon dismounting. A day later Turkey Buzzard was knocked out to 25 to 1 in the Grand National betting. This grand 'chaser had undoubtedly become lame, and at the time of writing it is doubtful whether his Aintree preparation can be continued. "Billy" Payne, who was to have ridden him in the National, had the bad luck to break his collar-bone at Newbury, so will probably have to stand down at Aintree in any case.

Newbury Attractions

NEWBURY meeting was enjoyable from beginning to end last week, thanks largely to the wonderful weather. For a jumping meeting the crowds were stupendous, and the splendid Great Western specials were all full. The same company will be able to show us what they can do in the way of handling race traffic at the Cheltenham meeting this week. Morganatic Marriage was a great attraction on Newbury's opening day. He didn't win, but you can take it that he accomplished something pretty big in so nearly succeeding in giving a lump of weight to Celestial. Tom Coulthwaite was very confident about the winner.

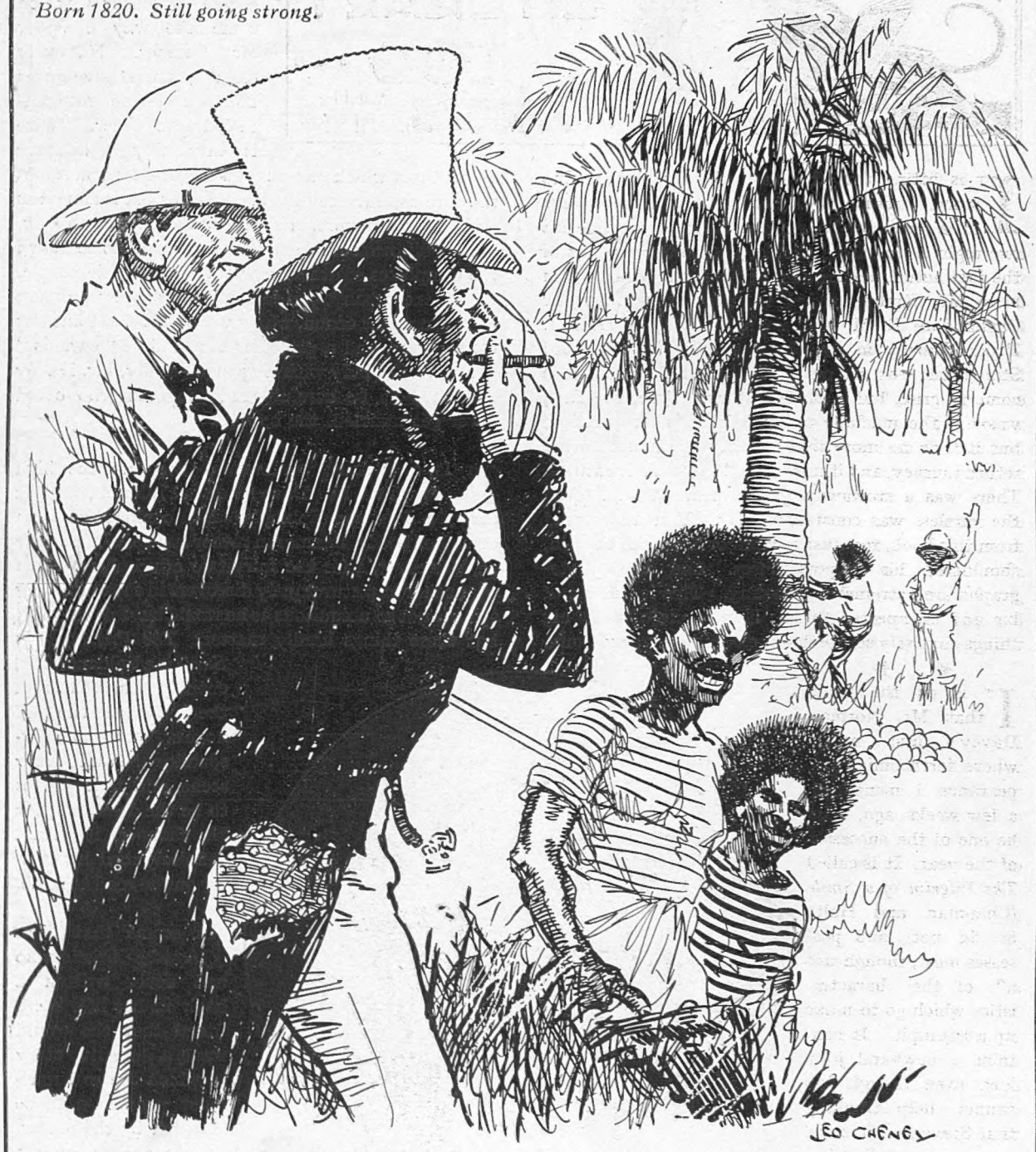
Cheltenham

THE National Hunt festival at Cheltenham is always one of the cheeriest outings of the season, and is keenly looked forward to by the county folk for miles around as well as by most of us who are interested in cross-country sport. To find the winner of the National Hunt Steeplechase is invariably a puzzle. It is usually safer to look on rather than to bet on this race. Last year the Irishmen scored with a well-backed horse, and my tip to you is to follow any horse which the same division may happen to support this time. I expect **Steady March** to win the National Hunt Juvenile Steeplechase. Sir George Bullough's smart young jumper, **Procurator**, may carry off the Grand Annual Steeplechase. On the second day the National Hunt Handicap Steeplechase looks like affording a very interesting Aintree trial. I shall not be surprised to see **A Double Escape** achieve a local success. **Challow** may prove good enough in the County Hurdle Handicap on the same day.

The Week End

KEMPTON PARK will have its share of attractions at the end of the week. In spite of his big weight I think **Halberdier** could pick up the Rendlesham Hurdle Handicap if he is sent for it. Several horses will be given a "National" gallop in the Coventry Steeplechase, and **Forewarned** should win. Next week we have the Grand Military meeting with its new feature—foreign officers riding in uniform over the Sandown fences.

From George the Third
To George the Fifth
One Hundred years long
Born 1820. Still going strong.



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COPRA PLANTER: "Oh, yes, like you, it is suitable for the climate."

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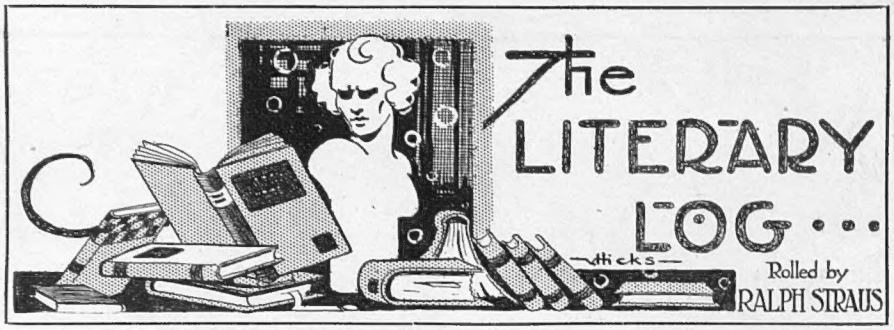

IT is fitting that the man who wrote that fine story, *With the Night Mail*, in which the voyage of a great air-liner from Europe to America overnight is described, should preface the account of the first actual undertaking of the kind. And so you have Mr. Kipling giving his good wishes to Air Commodore E. M. Maitland's *The Log of H.M.A. R.34: Journey to America and Back* (Hodder and Stoughton: 10*s.* 6*d.* net). The great ship has since come to grief, but it made history. True, the R.34 was not the machine of Mr. Kipling's imagination, but it took no more than seventy-five hours on the return journey, and it met with all sorts of adventures. There was a stowaway, you remember. . . . And the wireless was constantly busy. You understand from this book, too, just how Major Scott, its captain, shouldered his responsibilities. And the photographs are extremely interesting. This is the age of big and unexpected things: here is one of these big things concisely set forth—to examine at your leisure.

* *

IT is on the cards that Mr. Norman Davey's first novel, whose forthcoming appearance I mentioned a few weeks ago, may be one of the successes of the year. It is called *The Pilgrim of a Smile* (Chapman and Hall: 8*s.* 6*d.* net), and possesses most, though not all, of the characteristics which go to make up a triumph. It contains a new and jolly idea, even though you cannot help thinking that Stevenson in some measure forestalled Mr. Davey. It is in places deliciously naughty; its style and scholarship are both subtly satisfying; and you can never be sure what is going to happen.

* *

BRIEFLY, the affair goes like this. Four men get drunk at a club and sally forth to that Sphinx who smiles—so they say—at the foot of Cleopatra's Needle. They ask of the Sphinx for the desires nearest to their hearts. Three ask for specific gifts, but the fourth, Matthew Sumner, demands to know why the Sphinx smiles; and the rest of Mr. Davey's book is concerned with the fantastic and hilarious and most cynically conceived adventures which come the way of poor Mr. Sumner. Naturally enough, these adventures are not of the Adelphi-melodrama order. There is invariably a delicacy about them which makes you forget that sometimes they are the reverse of being pleasant. It is almost as though Mr. Sumner had been sent to a psycho-analyst, to have his own complexes pulled out, only to be shown the complexes of other outwardly respectable people. So, in his company, you meet the most cheerful rogues, from the minor canon, who gives up his creed but not his canonry, and a professor too fond of "curious" books, to the lady with a sponge—really, Mr. Davey will have to be careful—and the man who could never get married, the coward.

* *

IT is a difficult business to keep up the high level which Mr. Davey has set himself, and it may be that the Sphinx's smile could have been explained to Mr. Sumner in rather less space. It may be, moreover, that the fairy-tale atmosphere which the author so picturesquely discovers in the unlikeliest spots is not so ubiquitous as he would have us suppose; but these things hardly matter. *The Pilgrim of a Smile* is a brilliant book, entirely removed from the average run of novels. It shows a personality behind every scene, and if it proves to be the death of poor Mr. Sumner, it should definitely start his creator on the road to fame.

* *

IT seems that Miss Agatha Christie, who had never written a book in her life, bet a friend that she would write a detective story in which the real murderer would not be detected by the reader. It was a rash enough bet, but I am disposed to think that she has easily won it. *The Mysterious Affair at Styles* (Lane: 8*s.* 6*d.* net) is really mysterious. You suspect most of the suspectable people as a matter of course, and are wrong. You become wily and start suspecting the unlikeliest people, and you remain wrong. Who killed Mrs. Inglethorpe? Well, there is one sure way of discovering the truth. Obtain Miss Christie's cunning book and spend an exciting two hours. It is to be hoped that her Belgian detective will be heard of again. R. S.

Photograph] MISS HYLDA LEVY [*E. Navello*
Playing golf at Cannes. She is the daughter of Mr. Albert Levy, of Sunningdale, himself an enthusiastic golfer

It is an easy matter to erect a shed in a few hours

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Made up to 12 feet in length, to cover 2 feet in width, in various thicknesses.

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Mrs. BINDLE

By HERBERT JENKINS

appearing in PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

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READ how Mrs. Bindle took a chill, and how unattractive Heaven seemed to her and how desirable earthly joys.

READ of the coming of little Joey, and how Mrs. Bindle manifested a more human side to her character.

READ how Bindle goes to chapel, and what came of it.

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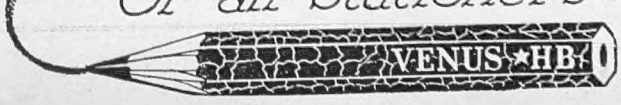
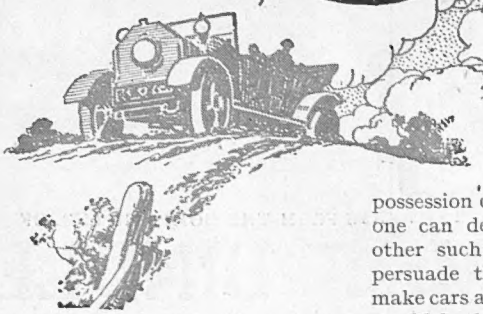


Motoring & Aviation



THOUGH Daimler motor-carriages are used by the Royal House on ordinary occasions, for the horsed State landaulettes or State Coach are only required for ceremonial processions, I notice that the younger members are getting a variety of makes into the Royal mews. Our beloved and only "Teddy" sticks to the Rolls-Royce he found served him so well in France, and Queen Alexandra to her Wolseley, while the Duke of York has bought an Armstrong-Siddeley, with its interior drive limousine coachwork built by the Connaught Carriage Company, an illustration of which appeared in a recent issue of these pages. He is a wise young man in getting the "bus" he has, as the price asked for Armstrong-Siddeley cars is very low, considering the excellent value given, and, moreover, the up-keep charges are equally small. Nowadays the 30 h.p. car, like the Armstrong-Siddeley, can carry any type of coachwork comfortably and as fast as the roads will let you travel. No person wants more than this, so no wonder their popularity is great and increasing daily.

* * *

EVERY motorist nowadays is on the look-out for the best value in cars. 'Cos why? Cash is none too plentiful, and, fortunately for the public, prices are getting very reasonable, in fact, cheap bargains are available in greater numbers and in a variety of makes every day. Recently the Sunbeam six-cylinder found a new London home, as new showrooms of this firm were opened on St. Valentine's Day in Prince's Street, Hanover Square. "Spacious and palatial" applies equally to these new premises and to the Sunbeam six-cylinder carriages that filled it. Moreover, the prices demanded for these comfortable, silent, and speedy cars is remarkably low, so that one feels that in possession of one of these 24 h.p. cars one can defy railway strikes and any other such bother. If one could only persuade the motor-manufacturer to make cars amphibious I believe nobody would bother even about steamships, but would motor to France, and even America, when a change of clime was wanted. Still, one can motor even so far afield by the aid of the motor-boat and motor-ship, while if Count de Lambert's amphibian aeroplane can only grow big enough to stow away enough comforts for the inner man, I should not wonder if some of us really do manage to aerial-cum-water motor over to the U.S.A. in a year or so.

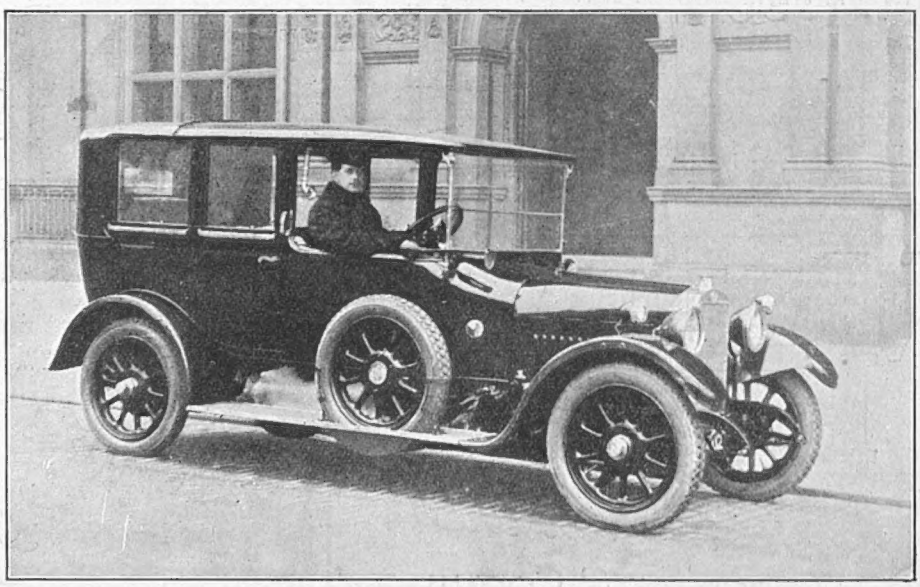
* * *

I HOPE the A.A. are going to get a bit more performance out of the M.P.'s who give them pledges during the bye-elections now on, for though I notice both the gents in the Cardiganshire effort gave "satisfactory assurances on important motoring issues," I shall not be a bit surprised that now the election is over there will be "nothing doing." Still, it is pleasant for a scribbler to see some results of constant urgings in print, and readers of these pages will remember that for many months, and even years, I have been asking for a political motor organisation of a very active character to show by their votes in election times that they are not to be trifled with. The A.A. local committees are a good start in this direction, but unless they can get every voter who owns or even uses a motor vehicle in each constituency to join in the pledge that they will only vote for the candidate who will pledge himself to the things they wish, and keep him up to it when elected, there is little hope for relief in taxation, or any other thing.

* * *

AND it is about time the A.A. shut up about a tax on fuel. If the officials and heads knew nothing about Government departments and Ministries one could understand their bleatings on this topic. But they do, as do most of us, having had Government control on everything for five years. Therefore, instead of asking M.P.'s to waste their time thrashing a dead horse if they would get them to promise not to vote on the renewal of the present rates of h.p. tax, but to reduce them 50 per cent., we might hope for relief in time. No sane person expects a new Ministry with a new staff and a new policy to be wiped away when there is good work that can be done by such a Ministry if kept on the right lines. But you cannot change a Cabinet policy like the Road Tax when you are in the minority in the voters' list, though all the public are really motorists if they choose to realise it. But they won't, or don't, and that's what matters. My friend Joynson Hicks knows as well as I do that import duty on petrol is gone for ever, so far as providing money for the roads is concerned, and it is about time the A.A. ceased wasting their energy banging that drum.

OLD HY.



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